Poems

AND

Pen-Pictures

VOL II.

RICHMOND
AP
84

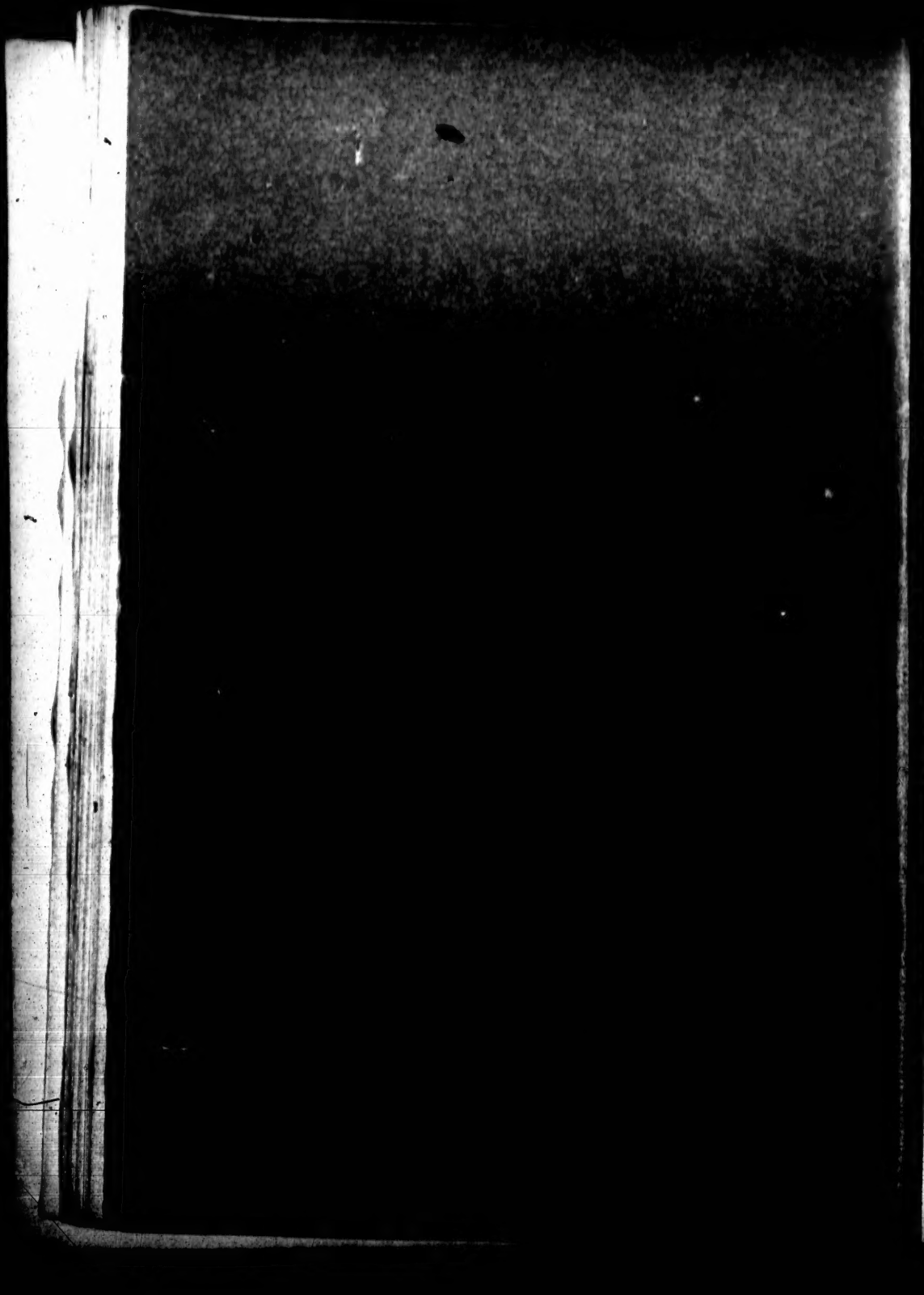
BY PAT PRODPEIN

Respectfully Inscribed to

RICHARD WELLS, ESQ.

Queen's Hotel

AURORA, ONT.



POEMS AND PEN PICTURES

BY PAT PRODPEN.

POOR PAT PRODPEN, in accordance with the promise given towards the conclusion of his last little volume of Poems and Pen Pictures, written and printed in December, 1883, now proceeds, without preface or apology (for which he has no room), to write another little book of poems and pen pictures, availing himself, in the beginning of the opportunity offered, of tendering his most grateful and heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends and patrons he has found in every place he has visited.

As the Hon. Oliver Mowat is one of the most prominent gentlemen of Ontario, and one whose name most frequently appears in the various newspapers of our Province, Pat Prodpen resolutely resolved to pay a visit to the Parliament Buildings for the express purpose of obtaining an interview with one of the most distinguished and deservedly popular men in our Dominion, to learn from experience what manner of a man he is, to see for himself whether he could like him or not like him. Accordingly on the 2nd of January, 1884, Pat visited the Parliament Buildings on Front street, and on entering by the principal entrance in the long plain-looking structure of red brick, he accosted a good-looking, well-dressed and gentlemanly man, inquiring where he could see Mr. Mowat. This gentleman took him into a narrow hall branching off at a right angle from the main entrance hall, and showing him a door on the north side of this hall, he told him it was the door of Mr. Mowat's room, and for him to remain near it, and when Mr. Mowat came out he could speak to him. Poor Pat waited patiently for an hour or more, and as he did not then know Mr. Mowat personally, and did not watch the door narrowly, as his attention was attracted by other things,

his watching and waiting might perhaps have been in vain, for that time at least, had not an obliging and gentlemanly young man, the door-keeper of Mr. Mowat's outer room, kindly and considerately pointed the latter out to him as he stood conversing with another gentleman in the hall a few yards from the door of his room. Pat waited a minute or two until the conversation was over and Mr. Mowat was moving away, when Pat hurried after him and spoke to him. Mr. Mowat, with a quiet, amused smile on his face (perhaps at Pat's boorish manner), asked him "to wait for a few minutes." He wrote this request in Pat's note-book, when a door-keeper or messenger took him back to the main entrance hall, where a small crowd were clustered around the gentleman to whom Pat had first spoken on entering the hall, and who was keeping watch and ward over a side door close to the main entrance. Pat's escort spoke to this gentleman in reference to him, and then left him with the crowd, while he went back to attend to other duties. After waiting for eight or ten minutes the side door was opened, and the crowd, and Pat with it, crushed up a short winding flight of steps, when he found himself in a low gallery with bench seats running north and south. It occupies part of the west end of the Legislative Assembly room, and is bounded on the north by the western entrance passage leading from the main entrance hall into the Legislative Assembly rooms. This gallery is called the Gentlemen's Gallery, and is provided with long tiers of seats. Each long seat occupies a slightly higher elevation than the one in front, so that a good, unobstructed view can be obtained by each row of spectators of what is transpiring in the Legislative Assembly. The first person whom Pat recognized among the assembled legislators, after he had taken a seat in this gallery, was his friend Dr. Widdifield, of Newmarket, the talented member for the North Riding of York. Pat had been seated about 30 or 40 minutes, when a messenger came to summon him to Mr. Mowat's presence. The messenger took him through an outer room or antechamber, and showed him into Mr. Mowat's private room, a simply and plainly furnished apartment, with a large open fireplace at the south side; a large plain table occupied

the centre of the room. In the room there were half a dozen or more large arm-chairs with high backs, plainly cushioned with some stuff resembling common white cotton. Altogether this room and its furniture gave Pat the impression that Mr. Mowat must be a man of quiet, simple and unostentatious habits, arguing solid and intrinsic worth of character. Mr. Mowat was alone when Pat was shown into his room, and he occupied one of the large arm chairs at the side of the table farthest from the fire-place. Mr. Mowat took the book Pat offered him with the request that he would please to buy it and write his name in Pat's note book. He looked through the little book carefully, and then, taking the short piece of pencil Pat offered him, he was proceeding to write his name in Pat's note-book, when it occurred to Pat's rather obtuse mind that it would be greatly better to have Mr. Mowat write his name with pen and ink, and he accordingly made this request, when Mr. Mowat, handing Pat his pencil back again, rose from his seat and reached for a pen and ink bottle that were near the middle of the table. After he had written his name in a free, bold, open hand, he asked Pat, "How much will I give you for the book?" to which question Pat answered, "Please, 10 or 25 cents, just as you like;" whereupon Mr. Mowat took 50 cents out of his pocket, and putting it down on the table, he again took up his pen and wrote, "One copy, 50 cents," after his name in Pat's note book. Pat left Mr. Mowat's presence with the impression firmly fixed upon his mind that he is one of the kindest, most courteous and affable gentlemen he has met with in Toronto. Pat most sincerely and earnestly hopes that Mr. Mowat may long be spared to govern the councils, and guide and influence the destinies of Ontario. Poor Pat feels deeply grateful for, and more than gratified with, the kind and considerate treatment he has received from the Premier of the finest Province in our Canadian Dominion. What a contrast does it not offer to the treatment poor Pat has sometimes received from some of the meanest and most miserable specimens of humanity in existence—notably a misanthropical individual, a bandy-legged, bulge-bellied, broad-breasted, black-visaged, beetle-browed, bullet-headed busybody

in the thriving town of Aurora, who wrote a short article in that ably conducted and excellent paper, the Aurora *Banner*, about Pat's "trash of a book" and "the terrors of his book;" poor old rabid, ranting, raving

RICHARDSON.

What a world-wide difference there is between such a contemptible creature and the Hon. Oliver Mowat! what a great gap between the positions they severally occupy. But it is one of the inscrutable laws of human existence that men should occupy the levels their natures, dispositions, their talents and attributes qualify and fit them for. There is almost as much difference between this man and Mr. Mowat as there is between this man and a big baboon!

CHAPTER II.

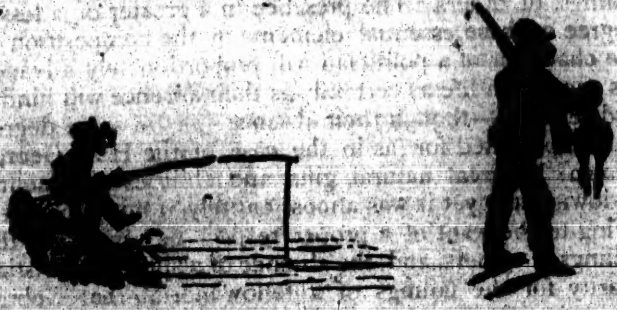
REMINISCENCES OF THE HON. GEORGE BROWN AND THE HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

Writing about the Hon. Oliver Mowat, leads Pat Prodpen to write about two other distinguished Canadian statesmen—the Hon. George Brown and the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald—with both of whom Pat had the honor of a slight acquaintance in the days of other years, when Pat was a younger if not a better man than he is now. Pat must confess that he did not like George

Brown very well; he thought him too insolent and overbearing, having too much regard for what he considered his own rights and prerogatives, with too little respect for the rights and the feelings, and too little charity for the failings, of others. The presence in a greater or a lesser degree of these essential elements in the composition of the character of a politician will proportionately advance his success in life as certainly as their absence will hinder and retard it—though their absence may in some degree be compensated for (as in the case of the Hon. George Brown) by great natural gifts and abilities and mental endowments; yet it was almost entirely, if not altogether, owing to the want of a proper respect or regard for the feelings of others, and the absence of a spirit of Christian charity for the failings of a fellow-mortal, that George

Brown met with such a tragic death. Had he shown a little more forbearance, a little more of the "do to others as we would have them do to us"-sort of feeling, he might be living now and a power in our land. What Mr. Brown greatly lacked, Pat thinks, Mr. Mowat possesses in an eminent degree, and perhaps it may be due to this circumstance, as much if not more than anything else, that he is one of the most popular men in the Dominion of Canada.

Poor Pat Prodpen had also the great honor of a slight acquaintance with the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, which happened in this wise. During one of Pat's many trips on the *Waubuno*, and when she was making her return trip from Parry Sound to Collingwood, Mr. Macdonald and suite also happened to be passengers. There was also on board a rough, rugged, but not rude or ragged specimen of the *genus homo*, in the person of an old Scotchman, one Edward Almond, a pioneer settler from the township of McKellar, who, with his brother James, kept bachelor's hall in a little log-walled, clapboard-



roofed, mud-plastered shanty. They were then—and they are now, for ought Pat knows to the contrary—great originals in their habits, their manners, conversation, and style of living, serving to illustrate one of the peculiar phases of human existence. This old Scotchman was seated on the promenade deck of the *Waubuno*, with several of Pat's companions clustered around him listening to a story he was telling them, when a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman who was pacing the deck stopped to listen to the old Scotchman's story, and became so interested in it that when another individual appeared upon the scene and requested his presence elsewhere, he refused to go, but remained a quiet and attentive listener until the story was concluded. This happened some twelve or thirteen years ago, and if Pat is not mistaken, he was not aware at the time that this quiet gentleman with the pale face, quietly observant blue eyes and intellectual-looking countenance—who was as free from all traces of pride and arrogance as it is possible for a man to be—was no other than the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, the then Premier of Ontario. This was on a Saturday, and the *Waubuno* did not get to Collingwood until some time after the afternoon train for Toronto had left. Pat stopped at Riley's Hotel, near the Northern Railway station, at which hotel Mr. Macdonald and the persons who were with him also remained, at least until Sunday afternoon. Pat had the honor of taking dinner at the same table at which sat Mr. Macdonald; Mr. John Donaldson, emigration agent; and the Very Reverend Styleman Herring, of London, England, both of whom belonged to Mr. Macdonald's party. Pat sat next to Mr. Donaldson, at the same side of the table. Large empty glasses or tumblers were standing beside each person's plate, and in a short time the landlord himself or a waiter brought several large and long glass bottles filled with a clear, reddish, amber-colored fluid, and placed one beside each of the empty tumblers of several of the gentlemen present. After Mr. Donaldson had poured himself out a large tumblerful to the brim, what do you think poor Pat did? You cannot guess! Well then, he will tell you: With the untutored manners of a Dutch Boer just arrived from Caffreland, or a Kansas cowboy fresh from the monotonous

plains of the Far West, he held out his empty tumbler for Mr. Donaldson to fill from the bottle beside him. The only notice Mr. Donaldson took of this piece of unmannerly impertinence was to quietly remark, "It's not for you." Pat was very green at that time; he is a deal more seasoned now; but even at this distant date he can never think of the inconsiderately mean and unmannerly thing he did then, without "blushing," not simply "to the roots of his hair," but to the ends of the longest hairs on his head. He will not go so far as to say that the "blush" would extend to the extreme end of every hair on his head, supposing they were as long as the hair on the peculiarly-shaped head of the Rev. Dr. Wild, the Bond street (city of Toronto) popular pulpit spouter. Pat saw Dr. Wild for the first time on Sunday, Jan. 24th, 1884. At first Pat thought him a very quiet, undemonstrative speaker, but he soon had reason to change his mind as far as this matter was concerned, for it was not long before the reverend Doctor's motions became so queer, his postures so funny, his gestures so abrupt, and his gesticulations so violent, that Pat almost expected to see him spring from the pulpit with a whip of scorpions in his hand, and, vaulting over the heads of the congregation, here and there go curveting, careering, sky-larking

and skimming along on the back of the seats, to lay his whip with an unsparing hand over the shoulders of the worst sinners in that vast audience, not sparing Pat himself. God forbid that Pat should seek to throw ridicule on anything having even a shadow or a semblance of sacredness about it, but "is it Christ he preaches?" Pat would like to become better acquainted with Dr. Wild and the work he is doing, that he might inquire into this matter and report accordingly, and he might hope that

his report might be a good, an excellent one; but for the present Pat must leave Dr. Wild to prepare his next Sunday's sermon, while he returns to Riley's Hotel at Collingwood. After dinner, Pat got into conversation with Mr. Macdonald, and found him such a real nice, communicative gentleman, that he almost reveres his memory, and he felt greatly startled and most sincerely sorry when the news of his death reached him. Mr. Macdonald took poor little Pat Prodpen into his confidence. He told him of the troubles, the trials and the thwartings, he received from George Brown and his clique, from the *Globe* and the Grits, in his efforts to reconcile party differences, to allay partisan strife, and get all to work together harmoniously in furthering the best interests and promoting the common good of their common country. Pat had also the honor of receiving an invitation from Mr. Macdonald to call and see him at his office in Toronto. Pat, with the manners of a bear or a boor, or

a bull-baiter, instead of thanking him for this favor, told him he did not think himself worthy of such an honor. If Mr. Macdonald were living now Pat would certainly have taken the first opportunity that offered of calling upon him. But Pat has a deal more "brass in his face" now than he had then, but if this extra quantity of brass in his face will assist him in putting silver, and plenty of it, in his pocket, he will be satisfied, more than satisfied—he will be pleased, more than pleased—he will be delighted, more than delighted—he will be in ecstasies. Poor Pat would court the acquaintance of Goldwin Smith, and he intends to seek an interview with him before long. If Pat finds him a proud, insolent, self-

conceited man, he will "go for him" like a wild Buffalo

bull with his horns lowered and his tail stuck at an angle of 135⅝ degrees!

CHAPTER III.

AURORA.

In this chapter Pat will give some account of his experience with persons who once lived in Aurora, but who are not living there now. One of these persons was a long-faced, dark-featured, melancholy-eyed man, called Matthews, who looked as if he thought the world owed him a living and that it was for ever trying to repudiate the debt. He was originally a school teacher, but not succeeding very well at that profession, he threw his birch rod into the fire, and started a little book and stationery store in Aurora. It was one of the pleasures of Pat's life, at one period of his residence on his farm in the township of King, to visit this little book store of a Saturday evening or night to purchase the current numbers of the illustrated Old Country magazines—the "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," and Dr. Norman McLeod's excellent magazine, "Good Words," and Pat remembers how once, being out of funds for this purpose, his friend, R. J. Stephenson, at present the talented editor of the *Free Grant Gazette*, Bracebridge, Muskoka, but who was at the time referred to a stripling occupying some position with Matthews, very obligingly loaned Pat the wherewithal to purchase a supply of his mental pabulum. Matthews did not stay very long in Aurora, but, selling out his interest to Mr. Stephenson, took up his quarters elsewhere. He now, in connection with his brother, keeps a picture and picture-frame shop in Toronto. Pat does not expect that he will pay him for this advertising notice; he knows him better than

that. He lately paid him a visit, expecting that he would buy one of his little books, if only for old acquaintance sake, but he refused, and Pat left his shop under the impression that Matthews and his brother are two of the meanest men he has met with in his native city of Toronto. He thinks Matthews would mate well with old Mother Maxwell, of Aurora; his dark features

would so admirably contrast with and set off the fine, fresh, florid face of this fascinating female—all its bewildering and bewitching charms shown to the best advantage by its upper bordering of exquisitely beautiful curls and twirls, and twists and twigabands, of artificial hairs. Pat hopes to have the opportunity of recurring to this subject, and explaining matters more fully, in a future volume of Poems and Pen Pictures, but now he must turn his attention to another individual—Tomeuel Todd—whom Pat knew years and years ago, when Tomeuel, in partnership with his father, carried on a waggon-making and blacksmith shop in Aurora. He remembers how Tom tried to get him to buy a waggon from him for $100, assuring him that no living thing of the size and shape of a man should ever become the happy and to be envied possessor of such an extraordinarily beautiful, exceedingly valuable, and profoundly perfect piece of personal property for "one cent less than $200." The notable feature of this affair was that Tom asked Pat to buy this rare waggon on credit, and give him a mortgage on his farm in King as security for the pay, but Pat declined to agree to his proposals. Pat could have got a first-class patent-axle, handsomely-painted new "Cathcart waggon," with box-spring seats, whiffletrees and all, for $60 cash last summer.

Poor Tom now keeps a little flour store in Parkdale. Pat paid him a visit lately, and asked him to buy a book (price only 10c.), but he refused, telling Pat that "ten cents thrown away is ten cents lost." Now Pat, knowing Tom's character, knew well enough that it was vain to ask him, but he wished to have a bit of fun with this old skinflint. Still Pat would hardly have written so much about him had he not been so free with his critical comments on Pat's production, and summarily decided that it is not worth anything, after the Hon. Oliver Mowat had virtually acknowledged that one copy was worth 50c., whose opinion is most worthy of respect; and if Tom had only forbore making his harsh comments on Pat's book, he would most likely have spared Pat the trouble of making any remarks about him, as Pat felt inclined to pity him on account of his poverty, as he confessed in substance, and almost with tears trickling down his nose, that the times were so hard that he had little else to live upon but potatoes and salt, varied by an occasional meal of frozen turnips, and in proof of the truth of this assertion he exhibited one of the aforesaid frozen turnips to Pat's astonished gaze. Pat expects that after this Tomcnel Todd will, as far as Pat Predpen is concerned, "save his breath to cool his porridge" or his frozen turnips after they are cooked.

There are persons now living and some who have once lived in Aurora to whom Pat would like to pay his tribute of respect after a similar fashion—Sam Irwin (brass mush (?)), you will find him in the Kentucky chapter, old Richard Mashell, John Field, Richard Field, Alfred Love, Henry Mashell, George Rice—if his space was not so limited and he had no other place to attend to.

He can only spare space for the names of a number of kind friends and patrons whom he has found in this beautiful town:

J. W. Floyd, Books and Stationery, 10.
Dr. R. W. Hillary, 10
Jno. Tracy, Merchant Tailor, 10.
E. W. Stephenson, Dry Goods & Groceries, 10.
J. M. Robertson, Banker, 10.
J. Smith, Station Master, 10
Geo. Button, Station Hotel, 10.
M. Love, Flour and Feed Store, 10.
James Waite, Wellington Hotel, 10.
C. H. Doan, 10
D. W. Doan, Post master, 35.

Mr. Doan has shown great taste and a just appreciation of the beautiful in the way he has got his office fitted up, and it is now one of the handsomest post offices Pat has yet seen outside of Toronto. Mr. Doan is also town treasurer for the Aurora Cemetery Company, and treasurer to the Mechanics' Institute, and also agent for the Great Western Telegraph Company. He is also one of the firm of the Aurora Carriage Company, who manufacture all the latest styles of American carriages, buggies, village carts, cutters, sleighs, etc., also carriage parts, such as bodies, either ironed or unironed gears, taps, and cushions. Send for catalogue.

R. Newberry, Photograph Studio, 10.
C. Butcher, Groceries, Millinery & Fancy Goods, 10.
E. Braund, Hardware, 10.
H. Griffith & Co., Flour & Feed & General Produce, 10.
James G. Tinline, Barber and Hairdresser, 10.
W. G. Lloyd, Farmer, Whitechurch, 10.
R. Barling, Furniture Warerooms, Funerals furnished, 10.
G. Moore, Sewing Machine Repairer, 10.
James Tinline.
J. D. Hamill, Surgeon Dentist, 10.
Dr. Rutherford.
D. Cane, Confectionery.
Band Brothers & Co., General Merchants.
Mrs. Frank Daville.
Wm. Magill, Farmer, King.
J. J. Hunt, Boot and Shoemaker, 10.
J. R. Hughes, General Merchant, 10.
Mrs. H. Machell, 10.

A. Proctor, Livery Stables, 1o.
H. G. Hartman, Druggist, 1o.
Graham Bro., Grain Buyers, grain warehouse and chopping mill, 1o.
A. G. H. Elliott, Books & Stationery, Telegraph and Ticket Agent, 1o.
G. L. Stevenson, Pioneer Saddle & Harness Shop, 1o.
Edward Coltham, Champion Sharpshooter, 1o.
J. E. McNally, Notary Public, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Steamboat Loan and Insurance Agent, 1o.
J. H. Montgomery, Boots and Shoes, 1o.
John McDonald, Blacksmith, 1o.
Wm. Ough, Stoves, Hardware and Tinware, 1o.
J. J. Hartman, 1o.
M. B. Faughner, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Clothing and Hardware, wholesale and retail, 1o.
J. Holladay, Butcher and Drover, Agent for Patterson & Brother's Implements, 1o.
G. Lemon, Royal Hotel, 1o.
William Proud, Farmer, Whitechurch, 1o.
Rev. J. Sandon, 1o.
Robert Crawford, 1o.
R. W. Wilson, 1o.
Mrs. James Holladay, 1o.
Mrs. George Bishop, 1o.
W. C. Clift, Paints, Oils, Glass, and General Groceries, 1o.
J. L. Sheppard, Saddler, 1o.
R. J. Evans, Cheap Groceries, Fruit and Confectionery, 1o.
W. G. Elder, 1o.
T. Telfer, 1o.
J. Johnson, 1o.
Danford Evans, Hamilton, the great Ploughman, 1o.
Mrs. Connor, 1o.
James Mosley, 1o.
Wm. Wells, 1o.
W. B. Richardson, Produce Dealer and Grain Buyer, 1o.
Miss Emma Pilkington, 1o.
G. Webb, Billiard Parlor, 1o.
James Karr, Farmer, King, 1o.
J. L. Graham, Commercial Traveller, 1o.
J. M. Steel, Student of Divinity, 1o.
L. L. Hartman, Farmer, Whitechurch, 1o.
E. Stevenson, Boots and Shoes, Crockery and Glassware, 1o.
Willie Wilkinson.
Miss Wilkinson.
Charles Hainstock, 1o.
G. S. Baldwin, Merchant Miller, 1o.
N. E. Scott, 1o.
George Russell, 1o.
C. C. Robinson, Solicitor.

A. Campbell, Rope Walk, 10.
F. A. Townly, Merchant Tailor, 10.
James Edwards, King, 10.
E. Maher, 10.
Seth Ashton, Miller, Whiterose, Whitechurch, 10.
Henry Danbrouks, 10.
Robert Connor, 10.
Wm. Willis, Saddler, 10.
Samuel Joyce, General Merchant, 10.
G. S. Patterson, Druggist, Aurora Pharmacy.
The Misses Jameson, Millinery, Dress and Mantle Making, 10.
Mrs. Querrie, 10.
John C. Querrie, Novelty Carriage Works, 10.
F. Harris. Cabinet Maker, wholesale manufacturer of extension tables; this admirable table is a special feature of Mr. Harris' cabinet manufactory, 10.
H. Moore, 10.
A. Robinson, Surgeon Dentist, 10.
George McConnell, Engineer, 10.
J. M. Wells, Surgeon Dentist, 10.
James Rogers, J. P., a self-made man, and one of the best, most skilful and enterprising farmers in the Township of King.
W. M. Mosley, Carpenter.
W. J. Knowles, wholesale and retail Butcher.
W. Scott, Jun.
J. W. Crossley, Insurance Agent and Bailiff.
Wm. Cairns, 10.
Amos Lloyd, 10.
Miss Martha Band.
J. W. Phillips, Builder, 10.
Mrs. Cummer.
Mr. Jaffray, 10.
G. Harrison, 10.
A. G. Daville, 10.
Charles Doan.

Pat would not like to leave Aurora without offering his special thanks to Mrs. Frank Daville, Mrs. George Bishop, Mrs. Charles Doan and Mrs. Henry Machell for the courteous and considerate treatment he received from them, contrasting as it did with the proud, insolent bearing of the widow of Joe Fleury. Kindness does not cost much, but it goes far in softening hard, harsh human natures, and smoothing the rough asperities of everyday life. Pat felt so vexed at the remembrance of the scurvy treatment he received from Mrs. Fleury, that he feels strongly inclined to narrate some of his experience with Joe in bygone days, but his space is so limited that he must put this business off until some future opportunity.

CHAPTER IV.

NEWMARKET.

Here Pat will give a short narration
Of his experience in Newmarket;
He has pleasant recollections
Of this bright burgh and its people,
Of the reception he received
From its good, kind-hearted people,
Liberal-minded, open-handed;
Many friends he found among them,
Friends to whom he feels most grateful
For the encouragement they gave him,
For the assistance they have rendered
To Pat Prodpen's undertaking.
For the countenance and assistance
They have freely given and granted,
He will record their names and business
In the pages he is writing,
With the desire to please his patrons.
First on this list, as you will notice,
Stands noble North York's local member,
Good Dr. Widdifield—you know him—
A gentleman endowed by nature
With gifts of eloquence and wisdom
Above the common run of mortals.
Next, a liberal-minded merchant,
Pat's worthy friend, good Walter Playter,
Who has a stock—large and extensive—
Of dry goods, groceries and clothing,
He is wholesaling and retailing
At low prices to cash buyers.
Next on Pat's list, a worthy doctor,
Good Dr. Rogers, of Newmarket,
A man of learning and of science,
A thorough knowledge and experience
Of the mysteries of his calling,
Of all the parts of his profession.
Open-handed, liberal-hearted,
In this good and kind physician,
May God's favor hover o'er him,
'Twas fifty cents he gave Pat Prodpen

For one single little volume,
Please, who will follow his example,
And help poor Prodpen on life's journey.
Poor Tomeuel Todd will please take notice,

And that old muck-worm miser, Matthews,
Crabbed, cross-grained, crusty creatures.
Another gentleman most worthy
Of more than a passing notice,
Of more than a casual mention,
A man esteemed by all who know him,
Is good and worthy Mr. Pearson,
Who so ably fills an office
As the Registrar of North York,
Very just and kind and courteous,
To all with whom he may have dealings,
While engaged in the performance
Of the duties of his office,
Of his official position.

But here poor Pat must take to plain, unvarnished prose again, for to write on after this manner, and at such length, for each and every friend he has found in this busy and prosperous town, would extend this chapter to a most unreasonable length; so he will start to give the names and business notices of his friends and

patrons, with a special notice here and there, as occasion calls for it:

Dr. Widdifield, M.P.P., 25.
Walter Playter, Dry Goods and Groceries, 25.
Dr. Rogers, 10.
J. Nash, M.D., 10.
J. J. Pearson, Registrar of North York, 25.
James Harman, 10.
W. Bogart, Photographic Artist, 10.
N. Johnson, Domestic Sewing Machine Dealer, 10.
A. & E. Forsythe, Millinery and Dressmaking, 10.
Thomas Gain, Merchant Tailor, 10.
James Kelman, Chemist and Druggist, 10.
J. Bastedo, Postmaster, 10.
A. Simpson, Dry Goods and Clothing, 10.
[illegible], Stationer, 10.
W. [illegible], Saddler, 10.
J. [illegible], 10.
J. Cassidy, Marble Dealer, 10.
John McNaughton, 10.
Mrs. E. D. Beckett, Millinery, Dress and Mantlemaking, Knitted and Fancy Goods, 10.
W. Keitch, General Merchant, 10.
Akinson, the Jeweller, 10.
Misses Wilkin, Dressmaking, 10.
George Willis, Barber and Hair Dresser; Razors ground, 15.
A. A. Smith, China Hall, china, crockery, glassware and groceries, 10.
J. C. Cain, Woodenware Work, Lumber, etc.; this factory is one of the institutions of Newmarket, and is a great boon, as well as a credit, to the town, 25.
John Read, Carriage Trimmer; carriage tops a specialty, 10.
P. J. O'Mally, Grocer, Wine and Liquor Merchant, 10.
P. J. Flanigan, Union Hotel, 10.
Charles Dunne, 10.
Miss M. E. Eagle, Milliner.
Mrs. Martin Robinson.
"Happy Tom" (Thomas Townsend), Salvation Army, "Saved through the blood of the Lamb."
Robert Fulton, Carriage Builder, 10
L. B. Pearson, 10.
John Graham, 10.
Robert Newburn, who has a brother in Parry Sound, 10.
Robert B. Grier, Station Master, 10.
Capt. Thos. J. C. Mitchell, Salvation Army.
Lieut. Mitchell, "Saved through the blood of Jesus."

R. Moore, 10.
Mrs. C. M. Simpson, Fancy Goods and Patent Medicines.
David Floyd, Division Court Clerk, 10.
Archd. Campbell, Stoves, Hardware and Tinware, 10.
M. L. Jones, Photographer, Pictures and Photographs (all sizes) from locket to life size, 10.
Mrs. Walker Cabinet, 10.
H. E. Noyles, Esq., Livery Stables, office nearly opposite the Royal Hotel, 25.
Carles Louis Cowan, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
M. L. Hagaboom, 10.
James Allen, 10.
Rev. J. H. Starr, C. M., 10.
John Manning & Son, Carriage Builders and General Blacksmiths, 10.
Mrs. [illegible], 10.
A. A. [illegible] Ramsay, Solicitor, 10.
John [illegible] Nash.
R. [illegible] Reesor (Reesor & Bros., Merchant Millers), 25.
John [illegible] Simson, Carriage Builder, 10.

Reesor & Bros. own the finest flour mill in Newmarket, the finest grist mills Pat has seen anywhere. On the — of January, 1884, an intensely cold and exceedingly stormy day, Pat Prodpen entered this mill, where he found several persons seated around a large box stove. One of them, a good-looking, intelligent and prepossessing gentleman, gave Pat a friendly welcome, and Pat, taking a comfortable seat by the stove, soon found himself at home in the company of this affable gentleman, with whom he got into a somewhat entertaining if not an edifying conversation. Among other things Pat told him about his having on the preceding day come across a queer kind of a girl, the "beloved" daughter of an old deaf man called Manning, who lives on Main street, at the north side of Newmarket, who, when he showed her a pencil sketch he had made of old Tim Bogart, a

close-fisted saddler, who encumbers one of the best business sites in Newmarket with one of the smallest and meanest buildings in the town, held up her hands in holy horror at Pat's inconceivable wickedness, his utter depravity, and entire want of Christian charity. Pat asked one of the men sitting around the stove (the miller, he thinks,) to give him the name of the person who had the reputation of being the meanest man in Newmarket. He said, "Old Joe Bogart." Pat Prodpen's esteemed young friend, John Bell Nash, bore like testimony, adding thereto that "Joe drives an old blind

horse, and he is all the time "wipping and a wasling." He is always grumbling, and he is a disgrace to the town." But Pat must leave this "disgrace to the town" and his "old blind horse" for more agreeable company, and a comfortable seat (on one of the coldest and stormiest days of this exceptionally cold and stormy winter) beside a big box stove in this splendid mill. Besides this mill Messrs. B. F. Reesor and J. A. Reesor own another mill at Cedar Grove, in the township of Markham, 25 miles from Newmarket. These mills have a combined capacity of from 250 to 300 barrels of flour per day of extra good quality for local and foreign consumption. During the one short and pleasant week that Pat has spent in Newmarket this winter, he found a comfortable and quiet home, an excellent bed and a good table, at Mrs. Nash's boarding house.

That excellent institution, the Salvation Army, had taken possession of Newmarket several weeks before Pat visited the town. He went to see it twice the Sunday he was in Newmarket. At first his impressions were not favorable, but it was not long before his impressions and opinions underwent a complete change, and he now knows it to be a thing blessed by God for the saving and salvation of many souls that would otherwise perish. The leading members of this army in Newmarket were five in number. Capt. Mitchell, an open-browed, fair-featured, well-favored man, rather under than over the medium size and height, with large, keen, dark, rather restless yet quiet eyes. He was neatly dressed in a dark blue uniform, with braid on shoulders and wrist-bands; a neat, trim, quiet, self-possessed, gentlemanly man. His wife, Lieutenant Mitchell, is a remarkably handsome lady, with a full, fair, fresh face, fair hair slightly gold-tinted, a pleasant smile, and a sweetly mobile mouth; dark-brown eyes, with a cross in one of them that rather added to than detracted from the attraction her presence possessed. She is a most graceful speaker, and her playing on the tambourine seemed the very essence of the poetry of motion, and her singing like the music of a dream of Paradise falling on the ears of a saint whose eyes are about to close on earth forever, with the hallowed light of a glorious golden vision irradiating his fastly fixing features. She was neatly dressed in a plain, unadorned, tight-fitting boddice and gown of some dark blue, warm-looking woollen material, that set off her graceful form to the very best advantage. Her fair companion, Cadet Louie Cowan, was dressed in a similar manner. She is also a very fair-faced, fresh-complexioned young lady, with dark eyes and a graceful figure, rather under the medium size. She is a fluent speaker, inspired by a desire to save human souls to adorn her as with a necklace of sparkling gems, in the heavenly kingdom of her dear Redeemer. Another member of this group of five is a tall, slim, slightly-built, low-browed, dark-faced young man, with full features, not remarkable for intelligence or intellectuality; nevertheless, he appeared to pray and plead well. Next comes "Happy Tom" (Mr. Thomas Townsend), with a fair, florid, rather flushed

face (not remarkable, considering how earnestly he prayed); he has a broad, expansive forehead, an oval face downwards, an aquiline nose, regular features, and a pleasant, good-humored countenance. Writing of Happy Tom in Pat's note-book, Captain Mitchell eloquently says: "Happy Tom is earnest in everything he does or says. He is a thorough Christian in every sense of the word. He has been a very hard drinker and swearer, but through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army he has become a reformed man. There are thousands of such cases to-day in the ranks of the Salvation Army. They have been the instruments in God's hands of doing a great work in Newmarket. God grant it may continue."—CAPT. MITCHELL. To which Pat Prodpen most fervently responds, Amen; so be it, O God. The Salvation Army is doing a grand and a glorious work in converting and saving the worst of sinners. Some people may, and undoubtedly do, think their ways are peculiar, but what does this signify so long as they yield good and precious fruit. Pat will give another Salvation Army paragraph as Captain Mitchell or Mrs. Mitchell wrote it in his note book: "We have been greatly assisted by members of every denomination, with the exception of the English Church, and the ministers helped us at all times when they could possibly do so."—CAPT. MITCHELL, LIEUT. MITCHELL, CADET COWAN. On Pat's remarking that he thought the Church of England ministers must be very bigoted not to countenance and assist such a good cause, Miss Cowan told him they "make it a rule never to speak against a minister," and he thinks this a good and a wise rule as far as the Salvation Army is concerned, but he does not implicitly believe in its infallibility in every case and under all circumstances. The paragraphs Pat has given will serve to show that Captain Mitchell is not only an educated but an eloquent man. Crowded as Pat's space is, he will give "Happy Tom's" testimony or experience as he himself wrote it in Pat's note book, and just as he wrote it, spelling and all: "Mr. Thomas Townsend, I was one of the most alfull sinners ever lived, but the Lord broke my harde harte and Brought me to is fould, and I ham living in Christe and for Christe honley, i have droughte

the Devel off, and By the grace of God I mean to meate my heavenly father; that in all i ham living for, is to bring preshus souls that is going down to hell. Bute by the grace of God i ham going to fighte for Jeeses as longe as he gives me Breath, and i ham prepared to meat my God. Amen."

Testimony or experience of Cadet Louie Cowan, just as this young lady wrote it herself in Pat's note-book: "I have been saved through the Salvation Army in Toronto. It is doing a wonderful work—men that have drunk, and all that is bad, have been converted through the Salvation Army. The secret of it is the Lord is with us, and so it matters not who are against us." (Here, dear young friend, Pat takes the liberty of expressing a different opinion. Certainly the help and favor of God is a matter of the most vital importance, yet the favor and assistance of men is also a matter of great consequence. But to continue Miss Cowan's paragraph.) "Except ye likewise repent, ye shall perish. Turn to your God from idols, and serve the true and living God. How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation."—CADET LOUIE COWAN.

Pat has given this subject a large portion of his space from a sense of its importance. He does not consider that he has given it more prominence than it deserves, as the everlasting salvation of perishing yet never-dying souls is the most serious and important thing that can engage the attention, or enlist the sympathies and services of man.

Life is short, and time is fleeting,
Fleeting, fading, flying fast;
Day after day from us retreating,
We know not which may be our last.

Then help us, aid us, God Almighty,
To love, obey Thee and Thy laws;
His dreams are vain, his schemes are flighty,
Who owns Thee not as a First Cause.

A risky reckoning on to-morrow,
We slight, neglect the present day;
Fill to the brim a cup of sorrow,
To drink when death calls us away.

O, let us turn our thoughts to Jesus,
The present time is only ours,
When sorrows cease and sickness ceases,
His love can brighten life's dark hours.

CHAPTER V.

RAGVILLE AND RICHMOND HILL.

Pat left Newmarket on Friday morning, the 29th of January, 1864, an intensely cold but exceedingly beautiful day. The sun, a blazing disk of burnished gold, hung in a clear, unclouded field of azure blue, while over the silver-crowned cauld landscape floated a gauzy veil of silvery mist. The scene presented to the eye looked like a dream of fairyland—a bright vision of the emerald azure fields of heaven.

On his way down Yonge street Pat stopped at the pleasant home of a worthy couple, where he had a good

dinner. After dinner he visited the home of a worthy widow Lady, Mrs. McLeod, a few rods across the street, whose fair daughter, Miss Louie McLeod, bought a book as soon as Pat showed it to her, making the second one she bought from him this winter. Altogether, she treated Pat so kindly and courteously, that he considers her the nicest young lady on Yonge street from end to end outside of his own relations. Her conduct was in marked contrast to that of a giggling girl in Aurora, who threatened to broomstick Pat because, "just for fun," he asked her how old she was. Pat will not tell her name this time. Pat had a very cold tramp down Yonge street that Friday afternoon from Aurora to his cousin's, Robert Elliott, at Oak Ridges, as he had on a pair of

No. 9 boots and only 6th pair of socks. He got his feet frost-bitten so badly that he suffers yet, and when at Brampton a few weeks ago they felt so sore at times, and caused him to walk with such an unsteady gait, that he would not be surprised to learn that some one thought he was "in liquor," which he never was in his life. Pat got "them boots" on credit from Mr. M. B. Faughner, merchant of Aurora, in December, and only paid for them the week before last (Thursday, Feb. 21st.) Pat merely mentions this circumstance to have an opportunity of offering his best thanks to Mr. Faughner for the kind and generous treatment he has always received from him. Pat would also take this opportunity of tendering his best thanks to his fair daughter, Miss Leila Faughner, for her kindness and courtesy.

On reaching Robert Elliott's he got Robert to accompany him after supper to his cousin's, Mrs. Rutherford, as his time was limited, and he wished to see her and her family before leaving that neighborhood. She gave Pat a kind welcome and most hospitable entertainment. Mrs. Rutherford is a most worthy and estimable lady. She was one of Pat's playmates in the happy days of childhood, when he lived "in the old house at home." Mrs. Rutherford has a fine family of gifted sons and graceful daughters. Her third son, W. J. Campbell Rutherford, in particular, has natural gifts and talents of such a high order, that if sedulously cultivated, they cannot fail of securing him success and distinction. Pat remained at his cousin's well-furnished and comfortable home that Friday night, and had an excellent dinner the

next day at a good hostelry in the little village of Elgin's Corners. This appeared to be one of the most wretchedly poor places Pat has yet visited, to judge from the ragged condition of the clothing of that portion of its population that came under his observation during his

very short stay in it. It was rags and tatters and tears and rents, and rents and tears and tatters and rags, repeated over and over and over again. If Pat is not mistaken, Mr. Joyce, the hosiery keeper, was the only person in the place who had managed to clothe himself in a whole suit of clothes. Before Pat left Ragville, a cutter with a young man and woman in it drove into the village and stopped in front of the little blacksmith shop, when a woman came out of an adjoining house to greet the young lady in the cutter. Pat looked at this woman, when, behold! he saw that she was also in rags; he then made his way to the little grocery store in this hamlet, to

see if its proprietor was not also clothed in the characteristic habiliments of the place, when, sure enough, Pat found his coat had several rents and tears in it, and one sleeve at least was out at the elbow, and his waistcoat was greatly the worse for the hard usage it had received at the hands of time. The seat of his trousers also greatly resembled the seat of the trousers once worn by "Paddy, from Cork." Paddy seized his valise and fled. Calling at a house about half a mile down the street, the door was opened by a pleasant-faced young woman. Asking her whether the house was in the limits of Richmond Hill or Elgin Corners, he found it belonged to Ragville. Pat glanced at her dress, when he saw that her jacket had several rents in it, with one or more buttons gone, and one sleeve out at the elbow.

Pat mournfully grabbed his valise again,
And "made tracks" for Yonge street, at his heart a dull pain;
Depressed in spirits, and "down in the mouth,"
As sadly he turned his face to the south.

Since the times must be hard in such places as these,
Where the people's rags flutter like leaves in a breeze;
And poor Paddy thinks this such a hard case,
That he will try to create a breeze in this place.

On reaching Richmond Hill he received a different reception from the one he met with in Ragville. This beautiful village occupies an elevated position on Yonge street, one of the finest macadamised roads in Ontario, and it commands an extensive and beautiful bird's-eye view of the wealthy farming country around it, and a long vista view of Yonge street north and south. Its size and population considered, it is greatly distinguished for the number and size, and the beauty and costliness, of its different churches, and for the efficiency of its grammar and high schools and other educational institutions; and it is also noted for the number of large and well-stocked stores it contains, and the magnitude of the business transacted by their enterprising proprietors, who deserve all the patronage they receive. Pat does not remember having seen a ragged person in the town during his short sojourn in it, with one exception, whom he will notice presently; and whereas Pat only made 10c. in Ragville, he made nearly $3 in Richmond Hill in less than two hours. It gives Pat real pleasure to record the names of some of those kind friends who patronised him during his recent flying visit to this prosperous town:

M. H. Keefer, Editor *Herald*, 1o.
M. Teefy, Postmaster, 1o.
Isaac Crosby, Dry Goods, Crockery, Groceries, etc., 1o.
John Coulter, Merchant Tailor, 1o.
H. Sanderson & Son, Chemists & Druggists, 1o.
W. H. Pugsby, Butcher and Cattle Dealer, 1o.
Robert Sivers, Boot and Shoemaker.

Robert Sivers, the miserable old scalawag, with holes in the backside of his breeches and his shirt-tail protruding through them, wrote his name and his advertising notice in Pat's book, and then refused to pay Pat the necessary 10c., expecting Pat to give him an advertising notice and a book free of charge, as if printing and paper

were as cheap as snow or rain-water. This old man was about the only mean person Pat found in Richmond Hill on his recent visit, but he is sure there must be at least one more very mean person in the town, if the individual who slandered Mr. Lawler lives in it.

A. L. Steele, Watchmaker and Jeweller, 10.
C. Mason, Stoves & Hardware, 10.
Jacob Eyer, Lot 23, Con. 6, Markham, 10.
J. Lusk, Sewing Machine and Organ Agent, 10.
Alender Moodie, Dry Goods and Groceries, 10.
Charles Lawler, Painter, 35.

Mr. Lawler showed Pat a notice in the local paper contradicting a report that some malicious person had put into circulation to the effect that he has a wife living in Barrie, and he asked Pat to notice this false and cowardly slander in his next book. Of all mean and cowardly things, one of the meanest and most cowardly is to strike a man in the dark, and is of itself a proof that the person who acts thus is not entitled to the smallest consideration, and is only deserving of contempt and reprobation.

F. M. Canaghy, Boots and Shoes, 10.
Bart. McConnell, 10.
Pugsley & Glass, Butchers, 10.
Mr. Atkinson, Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, 20.
Smeath & Gorman, Cheap Cash Store, 10.
John Brown, Groceries and Provisions, Boots and Shoes, 10.
Wm. Harrison, Harness Maker, 10.
Mrs. Harrison, Li-quor Tea Store, 10.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTON.

The first place Pat visited after the book he wrote and got printed in December, 1883, was ready for him, was Weston, a pleasant and pretty village on the river Humber, about 6 miles west from the western limits of Toronto, and he feels truly grateful to the many kind friends he found in this favored place, which he hopes may, in a few years be the western suburb of Toronto.

Pat thinks Toronto is making a very small spasm of herself for the mean way she is treating the enterprising town of Parkdale in the matter of the subway or roadway now in process of construction to permit travellers to pass under instead of having to cross over the Grand Trunk, the Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley and the Northern Railways, all of which railways cross Dufferin street (the boundary line between Toronto and Parkdale) diagonally in parallel lines, within a few yards of each other. Surely Toronto ought to show herself manly (or rather womanly) enough to be willing to bear the cost of constructing that portion of the subway that will be within her limits. The construction of this road to permit travellers to have a safe passage under, instead of a risky crossing over, the various lines of railway, is absolutely necessary if human lives, to say nothing of human souls, are of any value in the sight of God or man. And is it not a mean thing for such a large and wealthy and prosperous city—and her 50 years old yesterday (March 6th, 1884)—to repudiate every cent of the cost of constructing that part of this most necessary work that will be in her own limits, leaving the whole expense of this undertaking to be borne by a little town not yet in its teens. Perhaps some querulous querist will ask Pat, "What business is this of yours? meddle with what concerns you;" but this matter does concern him, or at least it did very nearly concern him at one time, when, as he was looking at a piece of writing he held in his hand, and was in the very act of stepping on a railway track, an engine and tender came rushing past. It was a "close shave" for Pat Prodpen, but he had a still closer one at another time when a train of gravel cars stood on the line of the Northern Railway, extending over the road and sidewalk, with an opening in the train just over the sidewalk, barely sufficient to allow a person to pass through. And Pat did pass through once, and had scarcely passed between the bulkheads of the cars standing each side of the sidewalk, when they came together with a concussion that would have most effectually put a period to Pat Prodpen's pilgrimage if he had happened to be between them. It was only a matter of two or three seconds between Pat's time and eternity.

But Pat must return to Mr. John Eagle's hotel at Weston to offer his best thanks to Mr. Eagle for the very kind and gentlemanly usage he has received from him; and this will apply to his brother Mr. Edward Eagle, one of the finest-looking gentlemen Pat knows in Weston, almost a perfect model for a Hercules in shape, and size and substance, about or over 6 feet in height, and weighing about 250 pounds. There is also another good friend of Pat Snodgrass living across the street from Mr. Eagle's place of business, Mr. John Linton, a remarkably fine-looking gentleman, not so tall as Mr. Eagle, but about 10 or 15 pounds heavier. Weston appears to be prospering (notwithstanding the periodical recurrence of the chronic evil, hard times), to judge from the number of fine buildings recently put up in it, including a fine and spacious brick store and commodious residence recently erected, and opened and occupied, by those enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Rowntree & Padget. Pat has received very generous treatment from the good people of Weston, as his readers can easily see when they scan the list of prices paid him by his kind patrons for his little book, as he now proceeds to put them down in the order received, except when special notices are given, which he will put in the beginning or reserve for the end of the list.

Sidney Barnes, Dry Goods, Groceries & Crockery, 15.
James O'Donnell, 10.
John Brown, Carriage, Waggon and Sleigh maker, 15.
Miss E. Coulter, 10.
Mrs. F. Rowntree, 10.
Mrs. May, 10.
Mrs. James McInnes, Boots, Groceries and Fancy Goods, to A most respectable and deserving widow lady, whose slave Pat Snodgrass hopes his friends will patronize, 15.
Charles Forsythe, 10.
George Lane, Boots and Shoes, Sewing Machine Agent, 17.
Robert Wood, Stoves and Tinware, and Coal Oil Lamps, 15.
Mr. Thos. Cowan, 10.
Henry Smith, Barber and Hair Dresser, 15.
Rowntree & Padget, Clothing, Dry Goods, Crockery and Glassware, 25.
A. M. White, 10.
J. Noble, 10.
Robert Flynn, Premises, Boot and Shoe maker, 15.

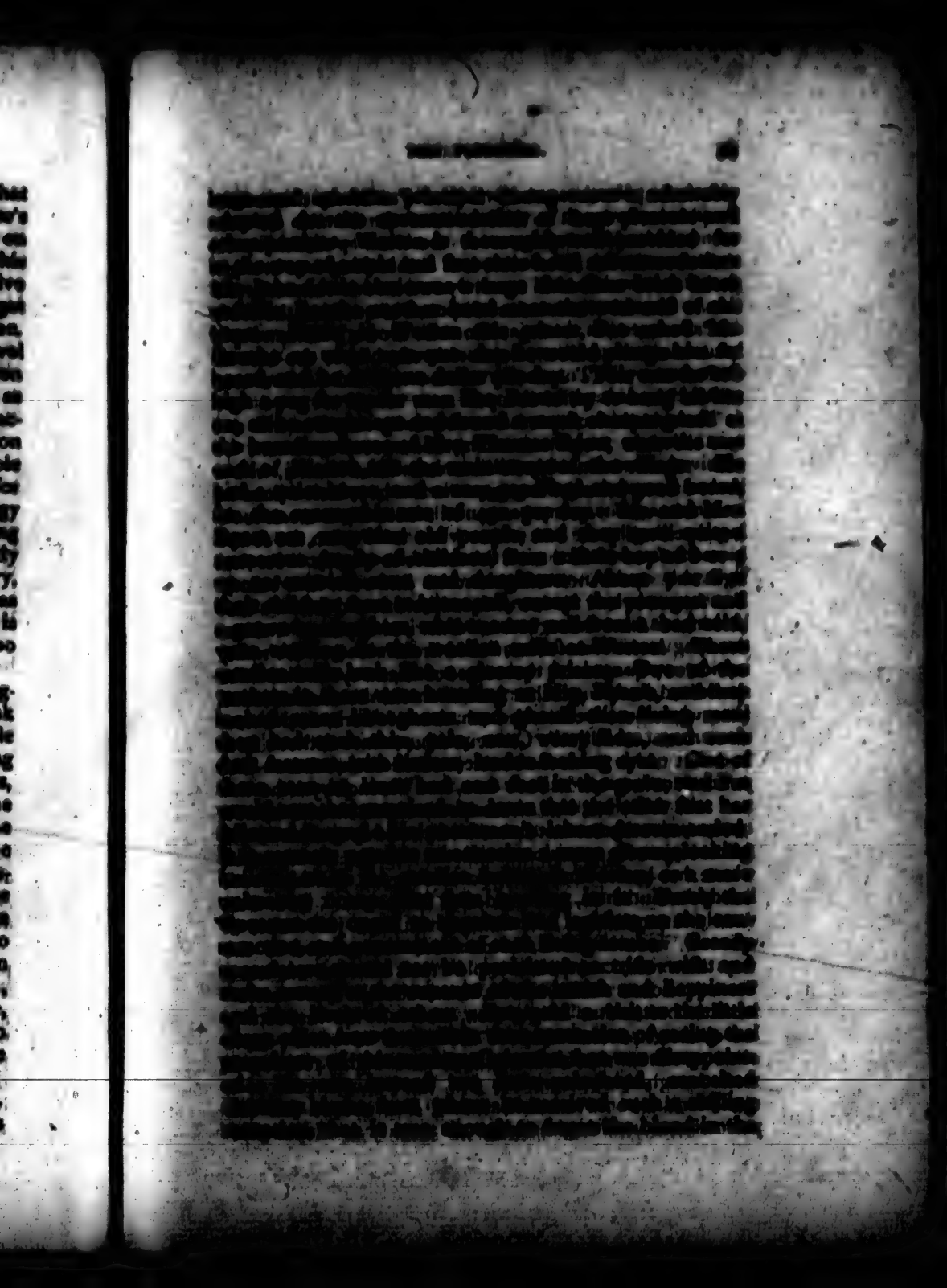
D. Meggins, Premium Boot and Shoe maker, 15.
W. Fitzpatrick, 10.
Orrin Holley, 10.
Mrs. Smith, 10.
Miss Adelaide E. Thompson, 10.
H. J. Cowan, 10.
Miss Nellie Cowan, 10.
A. Coulter, 10.
M. A. Scott, Provisions, Crockery and Glassware, 15.
J. W. Banks, Medical Hall, 15.
Edward Aiken, M.D., 10.
John Barber, Florist, 25.
Mrs. Thomas Ryan, Boarding house, 10.
Mr. B. Plummer, Foundry and Machine Shop, 15.
J. Linton, Bee Hive Store, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes and Clothing, 25.
Edward Eagle, Pork Packer, and General Dealer; Ice Cream Parlor in its season, 25.
Wm. Beamish, 10.
C. E. Dode, Station Agent G. T. Ry., 10.
Mrs. Moore, 10.
W. J. Charlton, M.D., 10.
James Ryan, 10.
Joseph Hill, Section Foreman, T.G. & B. Ry., 20.
Mary Anne Howard, 10.
William Tyrrell, Esq., 25.
Mrs. Cruickshank, 25.
D. Sloss, 10.
Mrs. Watson, 10.
Miss S. Foster, 10.
John Graham, House Carpenter, County Constable and Village Assessor, an old friend in our boyish days, the days o' auld lang syne.
Robert Moody, 10.
Jas. Flanning, Miller, 10.
Samuel Jefferson, 10.
William Lented, 10.
James Madden, Butcher, 10.
R. & W. Longstaff, Pumps, 25.

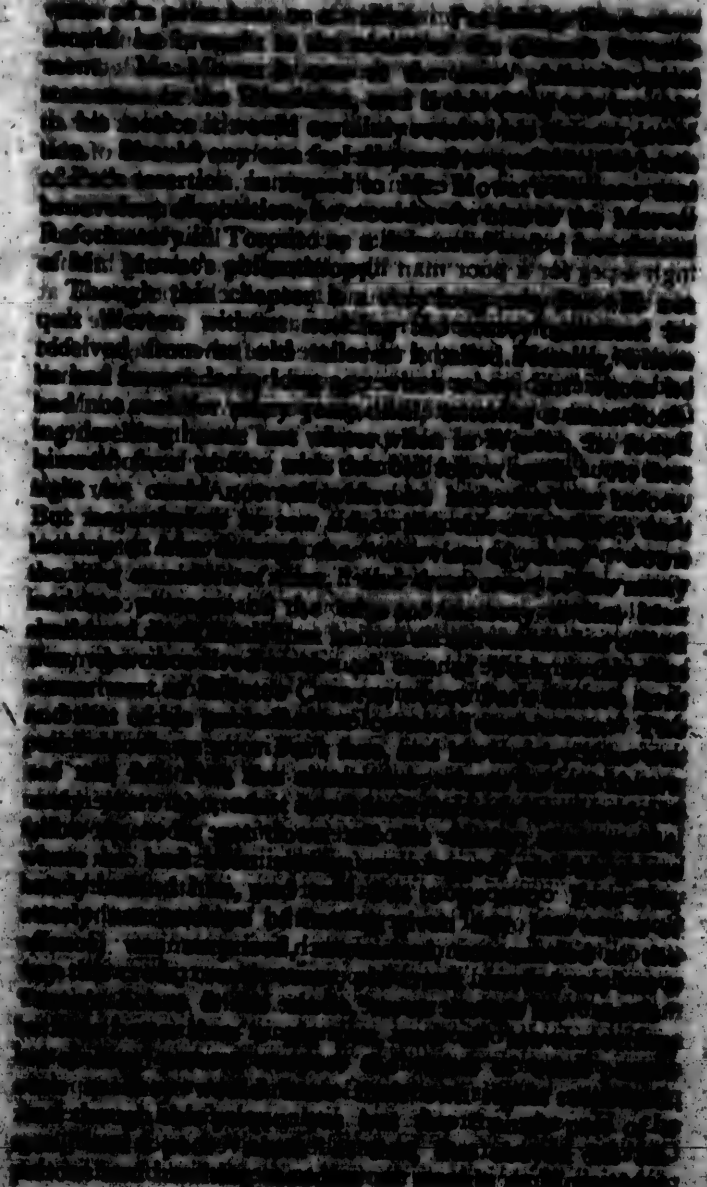
The splendid pump factory of the Messrs. R. & W. Longstaff is one of the principal industries of Weston, and is a strong contrast to the pigmy-pump shop in Aurora, which is a "disgrace to the town," and Pat is almost tempted to say that its owner, George Bice, is a "disgrace" to humanity, he is so mean and stingy. He promised to buy one of Pat's little books, and then when Pat went to see him about it and offered him his "illigant" little book with his own picture on it, and a notice of his pump business in his next book, Pat failed to pump a single cent out of him, for the old skinflint dodger went back on Pat and his promise, but he said he would take one of Pat's next book with his advertisement in it. But Pat is too old and experienced to be

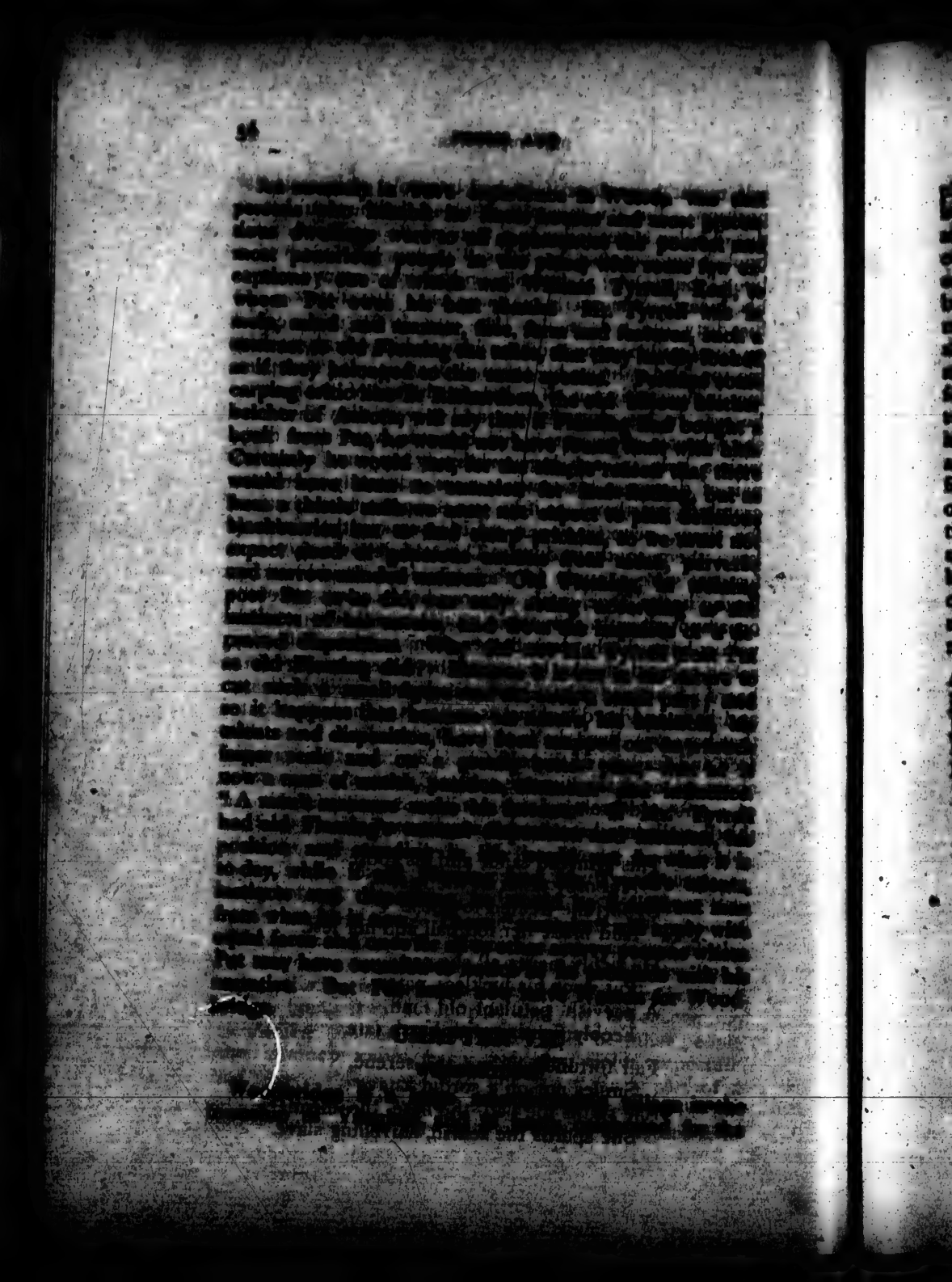
caught with such chaff. How would he know but that when he went to Rice with his next book, and Blair's advertising notice in it, that he might not go back on him again, and tell him to take that notice out of his book, he was not satisfied with it, and he would not give him a cent for it. No, "Georgy Porgy," you won't get a chance to play that "little trick" on Pat Predpen. Pat does not expect George will ever rise above the level of a well-digger and well-cleaner, with such a disposition as he has got. Perhaps his wife is as much to blame as he is. You don't catch the gentlemanly pump manufacturers of Weston strolling about the country with picks on their shoulders and spades in their hands, begging people to let them clean their old wells out or dig new ones for them. No, sir; they leave this mean work to Georgy Porgy, while themselves and their servants are adjusting scores of pumps every day in the season in wells already dug. One of the brothers took Pat through the factory, and he was astonished at the amount of work shown, as well as the superior quality of the work itself. If Pat is not mistaken, the Messrs. Longstaff & Brothers sold 1,000 of their pumps the last season.

Another leading industry of Weston is the large waggon and carriage factory of Messrs. James Cruickshank & Sons. These gentlemen are the patentees and sole manufacturers of the justly celebrated detachable spring waggon for farmers, teamsters, and market gardeners, universally admitted by all competent judges to be the best, most efficient, as well as the cheapest article of the kind to be found. About two years ago they leased the old McDougall mill for a term of years, and having introduced the best and most improved machinery to be obtained, and their motive power being supplied by the Humber river, they feel quite certain of being able to turn out superior work at as low if not lower rates than can be purchased for elsewhere. Mr. Cruickshanks, Sr., is also undertaker and funeral furnisher for the village, and every article required in his line can be had from him on the shortest notice and at the most reasonable rates.

To Mr. John Eagle Pat also owes his best thanks. His hotel is one of the best west of Toronto. Its







[illegible] energy, enterprise and business talents displayed by some of its leading citizens, notably Mr. John Abell and the Wallace Brothers, who are remarkable examples of what the possession of these estimable qualities will enable their possessors to accomplish in the way of building up and carrying on large, prosperous and remunerative business concerns, that go further than anything (outside of the agricultural interest) in making a country populous and prosperous. Poor Pat Prodpen feels most sincerely grateful for the encouragement given to his undertaking by these estimable gentlemen. They have shown the spirit of true patriots in countenancing and encouraging a home production. Pat will not go so far as to say "and native talent;" the amount of talent, or the possession of any talent, is in his case not a question for himself but for others to decide. Pat would also tender his most grateful thanks to Dr. Grant and his estimable lady, to Mr. McNeillie and a number of other friends and patrons in Woodbridge, most of whose names he now proceeds to write down, stopping to make remarks in special cases as circumstances may require.

Andrew Taylor, 10.
John E. Harris, 10.
John Watt, Jr., 10.
Dr. Grant, 10.
R. T. Wallace, 10.
J. R. Bennet, Oyster Parlor and Confectionery, 20.
Alexander Prendes, 10.
Thomas Haystead, Inkerman Hotel, 50.
Wm. Mackie, General Merchant, large and well assorted stock of dry goods, groceries, clothing, hardware, and boots and shoes, 10.
H. Ormsted, Photographer.
Wallace Brothers, General Store, 50.
T. R. McNeillie, 60.

To Mr. McNeillie Pat owes his special thanks. When in Woodbridge last winter he received about ten names for his book through Mr. McNeillie's influence in his favor. Hear Pat makes these notes a score of Mr. McNeillie's in every village he visits.

The Wallace Brothers besides a large general store own a splendid grist mill in the town and a large amount of other property. Pat would not help contrasting these enterprising gentlemen, whom God has prospered so greatly, with that poor little pigmy prodpen pickle, himself

Harper, who keeps a little 8 by 10 feet store on [illegible] where there is [illegible] window, and ornamented [illegible] with little comic wooden figures, representing Punch and Judy, and Sambo and Dinah, and kindred creations of Harper's wonderful fancy and remarkable inventive genius. These ingenious looking little creatures were about three inches in length, and were suspended [illegible] by pieces of thread from the horizontal cross bars of the little window frame in the simple [illegible] of the Lilliputian stock. What could these poor little things have done to deserve being hung by the necks like malefactors? But [illegible] another little coiled, close-faced fellow [illegible] Jimmy Riley—but Pat thinks his name is Simpson. Jimmy is an undersized, [illegible] monster-mouthed man, who, if his body were cut in two portion to the size of his mouth, would be a match for Woodbridge Goliath. His knees looked very much as if they had had a very bad quarrel in their infancy days, and had kept "their distance" ever since. But to return to the Messrs. Wallace Brothers. They bought five of Pat's books, and Mr. N. C. Wallace, M.P., subscribed for five copies of his best book, and paid him 25s. [illegible]

J. McIntosh & Son, Medical Hall, Drugs, Stuffs, Woollen & Fancy Goods, &c.

John Nottrass, 10.

Helen Keever, Clothier, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

John Rawlings, Butcher, wholesale and retail, the [illegible] Butcher's shop [illegible] Mrs. Rawlings, [illegible] Hides, Keys, Screws, Hardware and Tinware, 20.

David Todd, 10.

R. S. Armstrong, 10.

Wm. Armstrong, [illegible]

J. B. McKay, 10.

[illegible]

James [illegible]

George [illegible]

Thomas [illegible]

Wm. Bigland, 10.

Mrs. Rogerson 10.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Edward Hilton, [illegible]
G. Gilmour, [illegible]
G. McLean, [illegible]
Mr. J. B. Vandenhoff, [illegible]
Abraham Kaiser, [illegible]
Levi Elliott, Waggon and Carriage Shop and Blacksmith Shop, [illegible]
Howard Garrison, [illegible]
Alexander Stewart, Premium Boot and Shoe Shop, [illegible]
G. H. Davis, [illegible]
Wm. A. Johnston, [illegible]
Alexander McIntosh, [illegible]
Mrs. McIntosh, [illegible]
Albert Harris, [illegible]
George Addison, [illegible]
Adam Kaiser, [illegible]
Hattie Todd, [illegible]

Village of St. Andrews.

John Lowe, [illegible]
Isaac Flewright, [illegible]
John Watt, [illegible]
B. Stewart, [illegible]
A. Muir, [illegible]
Thos. Griffith, Hotel Keeper, [illegible]
F. Wm. Griffith, [illegible]
Robert Rowntree.

Village of Pine Grove, Vaughan.

J. D. Stevenson, M.D., [illegible]
T. Jones, [illegible]
A. J. Gough, P.M., Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Patent Medicines, dye-stuffs.

Here the rest of the Pine Grove names are almost wholly obliterated, for as Pat was sitting one intensely cold morning this winter in Mrs. Chaffer's fine and comfortable new hotel in Woodbridge, a day or two after having been in Pine Grove, a poor half-blind man whom Pat had casually met with a few times before in other places entered the bar-room, and, as he asked Pat for paper and pencil, Pat gave him his note-book for him to write in, being careful to show him where to write in it; but the muddled old fellow, which Pat was not noticing him, opened the book again at another place, and scribbled in large [illegible] on the page containing [illegible] of the Pine Grove [illegible] remarkable spirit-seeking [illegible] "Now, Mr. Prodnus, it will be to your benefit to treat me." But Pat [illegible] where the "[illegible]" [illegible] came in, and all the [illegible] he gave to this application was to tell the fellow that he thought that the [illegible] was good for him, to which Pat received for answer, "The devil will never light a wisp under your [illegible] for my bad deeds." The poor fellow's name is James Irvine, a clever man at [illegible] and drawing. He [illegible] that his wife, who

went to California and made a bonfire of bank bills, and then came back to enjoy the comforts of a quiet home in his native town of Brampton. On Pat's second visit to Brampton this present winter, (1883-1884,) he did not go back to the Graham House for the reason that experience taught him that he could not there enjoy the convenience of a quiet place to write in unless he wrote in his bedroom, and in the winter season a room without a fire in it is altogether too cold for poor Pat to feel "at home" in it. Certainly the Graham House has several nice warm sitting rooms, but they are public not private property, and last winter Pat has often attracted a crowd of rustics round the table at which he was writing in one of these rooms, beside a comfortable coal stove, who gazed with open-mouthed, wide-eyed wonder at Pat Prodpen's pen rapidly sailing the virgin pages of a 50c scribbling book with spider tracks and fly blotches. So on the occasion of his second visit he resolved to seek out a private boarding house, and this he found in the clean, comfortable, pleasant home of Mrs. Ewarts, a young widow lady, a most respectable and [illegible] woman, whose husband was one of the many Canadians who have fallen victims to the Manitoba fever. He died a year ago last December and in Manitoba, and Mrs. Ewarts returned to Brampton, a weeping widow with her fatherless children. Mrs. Ewarts keeps one of the best, and [illegible], and cleanest boarding houses of which Pat has as yet had any experience. Not only had Pat a very pleasant house in Mrs. Ewarts, but pleasant company as well, [illegible] these young ladies, school teachers, and one young gentleman, Mr. James Malcolm, shorthand writer in Mr. Haggart's office, and two bright boys of 12 or 13, attending school in Brampton from a distance, boarding at Mrs. Ewarts. Pat only knows the name of one of the young lady teachers, Miss Jessie Gray, from Dundas. The boys' names were Herbert Bell and Frank Middleton. Besides the young ladies mentioned, there was a fourth, the eldest daughter of Pat's kind hostess, a very bright, young lady of about 20 or 21, Miss Alice Ewarts, and these four young ladies formed a bright bevy of beautiful belles that would be hard to match in any other boarding house in the Do-

not been a married lady and poor Pat a married man, he would infallibly have fallen in love with her at first sight, as his heart is as soft and susceptible in such matters as a moist mud pie. She told Pat that her husband's name was ——, well, Pat will not tell what it was, as the lady told Pat he might say anything he liked about her, only not to tell her name, as her husband might not like it. She told Pat that her husband had last season been mate of a sailing vessel called the *Aberdeen*, traversing lakes Erie, Ontario, Huron, the Georgian bay, river St. Clair and the Welland Canal, but that as headquarters were at Port Colborne on lake Erie, which she told Pat was her home. She was acquainted with several individuals whom Pat knows in Parry Sound, including Mrs. Teneyce, of McKellar, and her family; Mrs. Berney and her poor unfortunate blind son Peter Head, who used to live at Lorimer lake, township of Hagerman, Parry Sound. Old John Berney, who this lady told Pat was a minister—but she must have been wrongly informed by some interested person, as old John Berney is only a caster in McKellar, and never was cut out for a minister, only something resembling the shape or shadowy shape of one. He does not live with his wife, and once Pat asked Mr. Ferris, of Lorimer lake, one of their neighbors, why they did not live together, to which he laconically replied, "incompatibility of temper." Now, while poor, forsaken, dispirited, half broken-hearted John Berney drags out a miserable existence in McKellar, his wife holds high carnival in a boarding house which she keeps in Toronto. Poor Pat quite recently paid her place a visit with the object of selling a book to her, so that poor blind Mr. Head might hear Pat's narrative of the ways, and woes and wailings of his old Parry Sound acquaintance, Tamculinus Waltonibus, Masterenchinus Medicamentus. Pat's readers will notice how carefully he tries to accommodate his narrative to Waltonic supremely and superbly sublime pretensions—the [illegible] But for the present Pat will leave him to take care of himself, while he returns to Mrs. Berney's boarding house in Toronto. Mrs. Berney refused point blank to purchase one of Pat's "periodicals," telling him in substance that she had as hard work to scratch along

My thoughts often turn as the dear ones at home
For though I may roam the wide world around,
It is only at home my fondest treasures are found.
My loved treasures are found,
'Tis only at home my heart's treasures are found.

Poor Pat Predpen is so presumptuous as to think he could finish and fix this piece up into a real nice song, but he really has not time to attend to it now. He has only space to write for a rhyming advertisement for Thos. Woodhouse—the justly celebrated King of cheap King street clothing and dry goods merchants, No. 125-127 King street east, opposite the Cathedral—and one Predpen being

For Thomas Woodhouse once again,
Pat Predpen strikes a jingling strain,
And twangs his lyre' harp loud and long
To sound his praise—it is not wrong
To give just praise where praise is due,
As Pat is now about to do.
The king of clothiers on King street,
His stock is large, new and complete;
For latest patterns, new designs
In all the various leading lines
Of dry goods clothing ready-made,
He has no equal in the trade.
His stock of carpets, rugs and [illegible]
Of rich [illegible]
These [illegible]
Are (you [illegible]) a sight to see.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

MRS. GLASS AND MRS. RUMBLE.

A PRODPEN BALLAD.

Once on a time it came to pass
Pat Prodpen met with Mrs. Glass,
A stingy woman, he is sure,
Or else it may be she is poor;
She lives near Maple village, Yaughan,
Perhaps her husband's name is John.
It may be Tom, or Dick, or Harry,
Pat does not care, he must not tarry,
But haste to notice Mrs. Rumble,
Whose conduct made poor Paddy grumble.
It was so mean, unmannered too,
Perhaps her father was a Jew,
If dead, say [illegible]; alive, say [illegible]
She has a Jewish [illegible] pill,
Her fists are close in the extreme,
Her face [illegible] as a [illegible]
Her cheeks are hollow, visage pale,
Her eyes [illegible]
She lives [illegible] Maple village too,
Now Pat [illegible]
But what about [illegible]
His name is [illegible]
A husband for a [illegible]
As you will [illegible]
(As Pat may [illegible]
This [illegible]
Are (you will own) a [illegible]

In conclusion, [illegible]

way the intelligent and skilful type-founder footprinted his elaborately-written manuscript. In connection with this subject, Pat cannot help thinking of the great difference, the wide distance, between the human and business genius, of different individuals. While some are a little lower than the angels, others are only a little higher than the apes. Pat hopes he does not belong to the latter class, though at times he has had serious doubts and misgivings on this subject. Yet the favor, the countenance, and encouragement he has received from the best, the most prominent and distinguished persons in the places he has visited, goes far to dispel this illusion, even as the grand luminary of day dispels the foggy damps and misty vapours of an early summer morning, as he rises higher and higher in the blue heavens. A word about the *Mail* office building. It is the highest, the grandest, the most complete and best arranged structure of its kind in the Dominion. It is a monument of human ingenuity, and of the inventive genius of man.

way the intelligent and skillful type-setters deciphered his miserably-written manuscript. In connection with this subject, Pat cannot help thinking of the great difference, the wide distance, between the brains and business abilities of different individuals. While some are a little lower than the angels, others are only a little higher than the apes. Pat hopes he does not belong to the latter class, though at times he has had serious doubts and misgivings on this subject. Yet the favor, the countenance, and encouragement he has received from the best, the most prominent and distinguished persons in the places he has visited, goes far to dispel this illusion, even as the grand luminary of day dispels the foggy damps and misty vapours of an early summer morning, as he rises higher and higher in the blue heavens. A word about the *Mail* office building. It is the highest, the grandest, the most complete and best arranged structure of its kind in the Dominion. It is a monument of human ingenuity, and of the inventive genius of man.